

# Good Morning 504

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



## BIKES AND BIRTHDAYS P.O. Wilfrid Crockett

HERE is a picture which should please Petty Officer Wilfrid Ronald Crockett, of 72 Margate Road, Southsea. Mounting the tricycle with his mother's help is fair-haired little Leslie Crockett, aged three, who must be one of Pompey's youngest cyclists.

"It is really Brenda's machine," Mrs. Georgina Crockett told our reporter. "She had it when she was quite small, but Leslie has now taken possession of it. He rides fine, and puts in a lot of time on it."

Brenda, aged eight, doesn't mind, for she and her brother are good pals. And when Brenda goes out to play, Leslie invariably asks, "Me, too?"

He has another little pal next door, Tony, aged 2½, who is the proud possessor of a scooter. Of course, Leslie also wants one, and his mother tried to get one for his birthday.

Incidentally, Leslie's birthday was a great day, for about fifteen children were invited to his party. That was a big handful for your wife and her mother to manage, Ron, but they loved it.

And Leslie and Brenda will do anything for their "Gran," who had also just had a birthday when we called at Margate Road—her sixtieth.

Brenda, we hear, was promised a parcel when her Daddy went away. Maybe she will have received it before you read this, but Mrs. Crockett told us that she was still looking forward to it.

Hope you are getting your mail regularly, including Brenda's. If we know anything of that young lady, her requests would probably fill the "Wants" column of the local newspaper!

Sorry to say there has been no further news of your brother, Jim—Sergt. Air-Gunner Crockett, R.A.F.—who was posted missing in the Far East in June. But you know the long

time it takes for messages to get through in such cases. Your mother and father are still keeping pretty fair.

We have been asked to pass on to you the love of all at

Margate Road, and their fond hopes for your return.

But we warn you—your wife is looking forward to a good holiday when you get home!

YOUR brother Gerald had just dashed home on 36 hours' leave, A.B. Ray High, when we sprang a surprise visit on your family in Clements Road, South Yardley, Birmingham. Pop was getting ready for night work, and Irene on the settee seemed to be reading a very romantic novel.

Mother soon got the teapot ready. She was as happy as could be—just bursting to tell someone about her Ray. Down came the family photograph album, and one by one

she displayed all your photos. They are all going down to Clare's home for her 21st birthday, and there is to be a special toast for you.

It was bad luck you not being able to marry on your last leave, but Clare still has the wedding dress and the bridesmaids' frocks ready, and as soon as you return she says there's going to be a big wedding.

Your father says it is now sixteen years he has been on night work. But he does not look bad on it. Apparently he can now sleep through any noise.

"And I will have to get used to it when the boys come back," he added, "because there's going to be some big parties in this house. And the biggest one will be when our Ray gets married."

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W. H. Millier Entertains his Pals at "The Sign of the Jolly Roger"

## FOR THE REAL STUFF GO TO THE AMATEURS

THE landlord of The Jolly Roger had been searching out his bunting and wondering whether, if he sent it to the wash, he would get it back in time for the celebration of the event for which we were all quietly waiting when in walked our old friend Nat Wilson.

"So, you don't mean to be caught napping," said Nat. "Mind you save something special in the cellar, or—well, we'll never forgive you."

"I shall not be caught napping, my hearty, and you needn't worry about my private little corner in the cellar. There will be enough for all of us to celebrate in the right style."

As the other cronies joined the pair, Nat was ruminating on the likelihood of sport returning in full blast. "It will take some time to get everything running smoothly," he said, "but there will be no lack of support so far as the public is concerned. My only fear is that a lot of dud shows will be put on before the right people can get going and that might do more harm than good."

"There will certainly be plenty of easy money for a time," said Bernard, "and so long as that is going begging there will be no shortage of fly-by-night promoters to pick it up. But things will soon settle down and we shall have all the old sporting fixtures back with possibly a greatly enlarged public to support them."

"It will need a lot of fresh blood to liven up professional boxing," said Nat. "All the so-called champions are long past their prime in the professional sense, and unless they are speedily deposed, the interest in the game will die out and it might take a very long time to revive it."

"That's true," said the guv'nor, "and it might die out altogether as suddenly as did professional wrestling over thirty years ago. You can all

remember the time when the big professional wrestling tournaments used to attract bigger crowds than the boxing shows used to get. It was the wrestlers themselves with their faked matches that were to blame for the public refusing to fall for their bluff."

"Don't deal too harshly with the poor wrestlers," said Bernard. "To be charitable you might put it quite nicely by saying that they were just a little in advance of the times."

"Who would have thought, then, that we should live to see the public actually preferring the faked, and repeatedly rehearsed, bouts that are now served up under the title of all-in wrestling? We should have laughed our heads off at the very thought."

"We should indeed have been astonished if anyone had suggested it," said the guv'nor. "But you are right. The fakers of our day were before their time. We have to thank the Yanks for producing the pantomime performances that are given under the guise of all-in wrestling bouts. They transformed what was once a good sport into sadistic entertainment."

"If you are out to tap a large public," said Bernard, "then entertainment scores over genuine sport."

"I agree that many of the old-time wrestling bouts, when they were on the level, would appear to be dreadfully dull affairs to the ordinary public, though, however slow and long drawn out they might be, they were never dull to the fellow who understood the finer points of skilful wrestling."

"What a howl would go up these days if a pair of wrestlers lay on the mat locked in a tight embrace for half an hour or more! Yet this was common enough in a genuine match a few years ago and it was to be expected with two good wrestlers who

were perfectly matched.

"But, of course, it was sport then and not entertainment for mugs, whose chief interest in life was to be thrilled and amused by play-acting performances."

"No doubt the Americans think they are smart," continued Nat, "and there are many smart ones, but the bulk of the American public can be classed as mugs of the first water. They fall as easily as innocent



"Send for a Redcap my foot! Send for the M.O.! 'E's eatin' your rissoles, Cookie!"

babes for all the faked stuff, and directly it has been written up to beat the band over there, our mugs are quite ready to receive it with open hands."

"I don't see how you are going to alter that," said the guv'nor. "It has long been in my mind that what we need is a stricter definition of the word sport. I suppose more than half the games that come under that heading could be better placed in another category, but it takes more than a few individuals to change that sort of thing."

"If you are going to try to define exactly what is sport and what is not," said Bernard, "you will be arguing from now till the crack of doom. We all have our own ideas and are inclined to think the games we favour are much to be preferred to those we just tolerate even if we don't actually decry them. Sport is a very loose term, but I don't see what you are going to do about it."

"I suppose," said the guv'nor, "that in a more enlightened age—which is not likely to be in our time—the word sport may be confined to what a few stalwarts of a bygone day tried to pin it down to, and that was only those pursuits in which there was a spice of danger for those engaged in them, and, to narrow it still further, to apply only to those who did it for the love of sport and not for gain."

"That sounds sensible to me," said Nat, "although it may seem strange coming from an old professional. Actually, there is a lot of truth in saying that for genuine sport you must look to the amateur."

"Take wrestling for instance—real wrestling, I mean—if you want to see the real stuff you have to go to the amateurs. There are as many good amateur wrestlers as ever there were, but there are no big crowds to watch their performances. Still, they don't worry about the crowd. The game is the thing for them."

"Then again there is boxing. That will never die out as a sport whatever the racketeers might do with the game, the amateurs will see to that. Then there is no lack of following for amateur boxing."

"All the clubs find space for the big problem, and when it comes to the champion-

ships, why, the largest hall in the country is still not big enough to hold all the people who wish to attend. If you ask me, I should say that amateur boxing, taken over the country as a whole, now draws bigger crowds than all the professional shows."

"So much the better," said the guv'nor, "you certainly see real boxing among the amateurs, and what is more to the point, you do know that the bouts are straight. If we don't soon get some fresh blood into professional boxing I shall not bother to go to the shows. It is about time a number of the moth-eaten champions were replaced."

"There is almost sure to be a lot of argument before the youngsters get the chance of a crack at the titles," said Nat. "It will be much the same as it was after the last war. Then we had the old time-worn champions hanging on to their titles, though I must say that they were certainly not so old as the present bunch, and many a good youngster had some heart-breaking experiences before getting his chance."

"No doubt there are many good boxers in the Services, and they should be given every encouragement if they intend to take to the ring as a profession, but I expect they will get more cold shoulder than warm welcome, unless they care to sign up to some racketeer who will tell them what strings he can pull."

"If any sport needed a really clean sweep it is professional boxing with its many parasites."

"Does that mean," the guv'nor asked Nat, "that you would be prepared to regard it as a good thing if professional boxing died out?"

"Indeed no," answered Nat. "My idea is that the game wants cleaning up and infusing with new blood. It will be a bad day when there is no professional boxing, because without it the amateur side of the game would soon dwindle to a sport of little or no importance."

"It is necessary to have first-class professionals to teach the amateurs. Even if they do not act as instructors, which so many of them do in maturer years, they show the way in their contests. If an amateur boxer is keen he usually attends professional shows in order to learn by close observation."

"After all, most of our champions of the past learned by studying the best men of their day in action. Boxing is best learned that way, particularly if the ideas that are thus gathered can be practised with a good partner in a gymnasium."

"That is why when the leading champions are first-class boxers you will find a high standard of skill in the rank and file of boxers. When champions are made of poor stuff the whole game suffers accordingly and it may take more than a decade before the standard of skill rises to its former status."

"Well, here's one at least who is hoping against hope that many new champions will be forthcoming when the cease fire sounds," said Bernard. "If they are not forthcoming then I think I would rather patronise all-in wrestling, and I am not likely to do that whilst I have all my senses."

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# JOURNEY'S END

## —and brothers meet

TRAVELLING easily, on the night of the fourth day's journey we found ourselves once more on the crest of the mountains that separate Kukuana-land from the desert, which rolled away in sandy billows at our feet, and about twenty-five miles to the north of Sheba's Breasts.

At dawn on the following day, we were led to the commencement of a precipitous descent, by which we were to descend the precipice, and gain the desert two thousand and more feet below.

Here we bade farewell to that true friend and sturdy old warrior, Infadoos, who solemnly wished all good upon us, and nearly wept with grief.

Then, having seen that our guides were well laden with water



and provisions, and having received a thundering farewell salute from the Buffaloes, we wrung the old warrior's hand, and began our downward climb. A very arduous business it proved to be, but the somehow that evening we found ourselves at the bottom without accident.

Next morning we started on a toilsome march across the desert, having with us a good supply of water carried by our five guides, and camped that night in the open, starting again at dawn on the morrow.

By mid-day of the third day's journey we could see the trees of the oasis of which the guides spoke, and by an hour before sundown we were once more walking upon grass and listening to the sound of running water. And now I come to perhaps the strangest thing that happened to us in all that strange business, and one which shows how wonderfully things are brought about.

I was walking quietly along, some way in front of the other two, when suddenly I stopped and rubbed my eyes, as well I might. There, not twenty yards in front, was a cosy hut, built more or less on the Kafir principle of grass and withes, only with a full-length door instead of a bee-hole.

"What the dickens," said I to myself, "can a hut be doing here?" Even as I said it the door of the hut opened, and there limped out of it a white man clothed in skins, and with an enormous black beard. I stared and stared, and so did the other man, and just at that juncture Sir Henry and Good came up.

"Look here, you fellows," I said, "is that a white man, or from the Buffaloes, we wrung the am I mad?"

Sir Henry looked, and Good old warrior's hand, and began our downward climb. A very arduous business it proved to be, but the somehow that evening we found ourselves at the bottom without accident.

When he got close he fell down in a sort of faint.

With a spring Sir Henry was by his side.

"Great Powers!" he cried, "it is my brother George!"

At the sound of the disturbance, another figure, also clad in skins, emerged from the hut, with a gun in his hand, and came running towards us. On seeing me he too gave a cry.

"Macumazahn," he halloed, "don't you know me, Baas? I'm Jim the hunter. I lost the note you gave me to give to the Baas, and we have been here nearly two years." And the fellow fell at my feet, and rolled over and over, weeping for joy.

"You careless scoundrel!" I said; "you ought to be well hidden."

Meanwhile the man with the black beard had recovered and got up, and he and Sir Henry were pump-handling away at each other, apparently without a word to say.

"My dear old fellow," burst out Sir Henry at last, "I thought that you were dead. I have been over Solomon's Mountains to find you, and now I come across you perched in the desert, like an old aasvogel (vulture)."

"I tried to go over Solomon's Mountains nearly two years ago," was the answer, spoken in the hesitating voice of a man who has had little recent opportunity of using his tongue, "but when I

## KING SOLOMON'S MINES

By the courtesy of the executors of  
RIDER HAGGARD

had got on pretty well, for they saw us all once more safe and sound at my little place on the quented, especially at night, by large quantities of game, which now writing, and whence I bid came thither for water. These they shot, or trapped in pit-falls, using their flesh for food, and, after their clothes wore out, their hides for covering.

"And so," he ended, "we have lived for nearly two years, like a Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday."

Then Sir Henry set to work and told him the main facts of our adventures, sitting till late into the night to do it.

"By Jove!" he said, when I showed him some of the diamonds; "well, at least you have got something for your pains, besides my worthless self."

Sir Henry laughed. "They belong to Quatermain and Good. It was part of the bargain that they should share any spoils there might be."

This remark set me thinking, and having spoken to Good I told Sir Henry that it was our unanimous wish that he should take a third share of the diamonds, or, if he would not, that his share should be handed to his brother, who had suffered even more than ourselves on the chance of getting them. Finally, we prevailed upon him to consent to this arrangement, but George Curtis did not know of it till some time afterwards.

And here, at this point, I think I shall end this history.

Six months from the date of our re-arrival at Sitanda's, where we found our guns and other goods quite safe, though the old scoundrel in charge was much disgusted

THE END.

## WANGLING WORDS

1. Insert four consonants in \* I \* \* O \* O and get an African river.

2. In the following first line of a nursery rhyme both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Tas sims no tellit ftitit a fum-fit.

3. In these three nationalities the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 6258653, 54729653, 5472958653.

4. Find Bertha's two brothers hidden in: "The bottom of a valley is called a thalweg," Bertha," said the Professor, beginning to hug her.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 442

1. ARKANSAS.
2. When ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.
3. Constable, Turner, Landseer, Stanfield.
4. F-red-Eric-k, Ge-or-ge.

## CROSSWORD CORNER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9			10				
11		12			13		14
15				16	17	18	
			19	20	21		
22	23			24		25	
	26			27			
28	29		30		31	32	33
34		35	36	37			
	38					39	
40				41			

### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 No danger.
- 6 Nautical cry.
- 9 Lubricate.
- 10 Civil defender.
- 11 Loud speaker.
- 13 Paint roughly.
- 15 Near.
- 16 Doctor.
- 18 Valour award.
- 19 Satisfy.
- 22 Representative.
- 24 Signal system.
- 26 Lean.
- 28 Mountain peak.
- 30 Artist.
- 31 Sharp.
- 34 Icy lump.
- 36 Gesture of respect.
- 38 Great hunter.
- 39 Incline.
- 40 Electrical unit.
- 41 Legal person.

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Anon.
- 2 Ventilation.
- 3 Ensign.
- 4 Number.
- 5 Ship's spars.
- 6 Tol.
- 7 Dive.
- 8 Responsibility.
- 12 Express gratitude to.
- 14 Ulna.
- 17 Tail end.
- 20 Keep moving.
- 21 Splendid.
- 22 Man of the East.
- 23 Sprightliness.
- 25 Lover.
- 27 Stone-worker.
- 29 Girl's name.
- 32 West Indies Island.
- 33 Damp.
- 35 Time initials.
- 37 Fuss.

SLOP ABASES  
CAROLS LINE  
RIND SOLACE  
ADAGE WOMAN  
W TENANT S  
LEE DYE DEE  
X SURREY X  
CORER SANTA  
ATONED SAIL  
BIAS EXEMPT  
SC EEN DOSS

## INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 27

1. When Joyce said "Sausages," Miriam said "Cats." What word linked the two ideas in Miriam's mind?

2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? 2, 4, 8, 16, 34, 64, 128.

3. If all pencils are wooden, some red pencils are painted, and all blue pencils mark glass, is it necessarily true that (a) pencils which mark glass are made of wood, (b) no blue pencils are painted, (c) no red pencils mark glass?

4. Three Dutchmen, named Hendrick, Elas and Cornelius, and their wives, Gurtrun, Katrun and Anna, all buy pigs. Each buys as many as he (or she) gives shillings for one pig. Each husband pays altogether three guineas more than his wife. Hendrick buys 23 more pigs than Katrun, and Elas 11 more than Gurtrun. What was the name of each man's wife?

(Answers in No. 505.)

### Answers to Test No. 26.

1. It is quite impossible to square the circle, and always will be. True.
2. Novel is fiction; others are not.
3. 40.
4. Seven. (There were 2 little girls and a boy, their father and mother, and their father's father and mother.)

## QUIZ for today

7. Lentor is tardiness, oiliness, tenacity, religious fervour, soup?
2. For what girls' names are the following "short"?—Bex, Deb, Trixy.
3. To what three creatures is the name "gopher" applied indiscriminately in U.S.A.?
4. In what sport is the term "carte" used?
5. Turpentine is obtained from: coal, jar, wood, pitch, asphalt, bitumen?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Taliopot, Tallyman, Tallisman, Tallowey, Talliage, Taliaped.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 503

1. Textile.
2. Pole vaulting.
3. 1759.
4. (a) Pig, (b) Sow.
5. Off the West Coast of Greece.
6. Garrulous, Garreteer, Caronade.

## MIXED DOUBLES

Jumbles of pairs of things, words or people often phrased together, such as DUCKS and DRAKES, BUBBLE and SQUEAK, etc.

- 1 (a) NOT PROVE PLAIN.  
(b) HOPED AS WELL.
- 2 (a) VEILED CANTER.  
(b) OR THE LOW PAY.
- 3 (a) HIRED CASKET.  
(b) DO HUSTLE FOR HAT.
- 4 (a) RAT BIT GEAR.  
(b) YET COUNTING NIL.

(Answers in No. 505.)

### Answers to Mixed Doubles in No. 503.

- 1 (a) GAIN & PROFIT.  
(b) PRAISE & BLAME.
- 2 (a) EAGER & ARDENT.  
(b) HARMONY & DISCORD.
- 3 (a) SHARP & ACUTE.  
(b) MATURE & UNRIPE.
- 4 (a) TIME & SEASON.  
(b) MEAN & GENEROUS.

## JANE

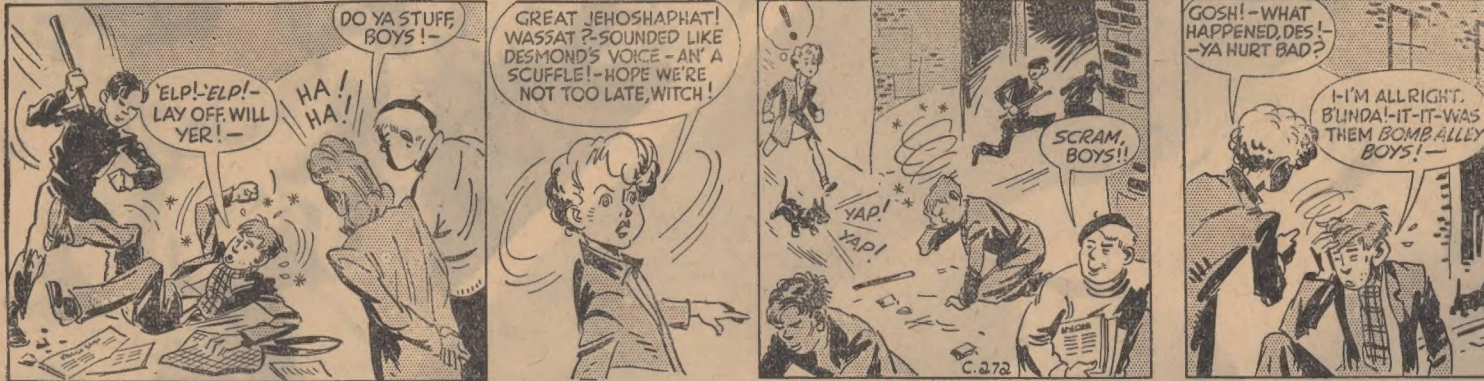




## BEELZEBUB JONES



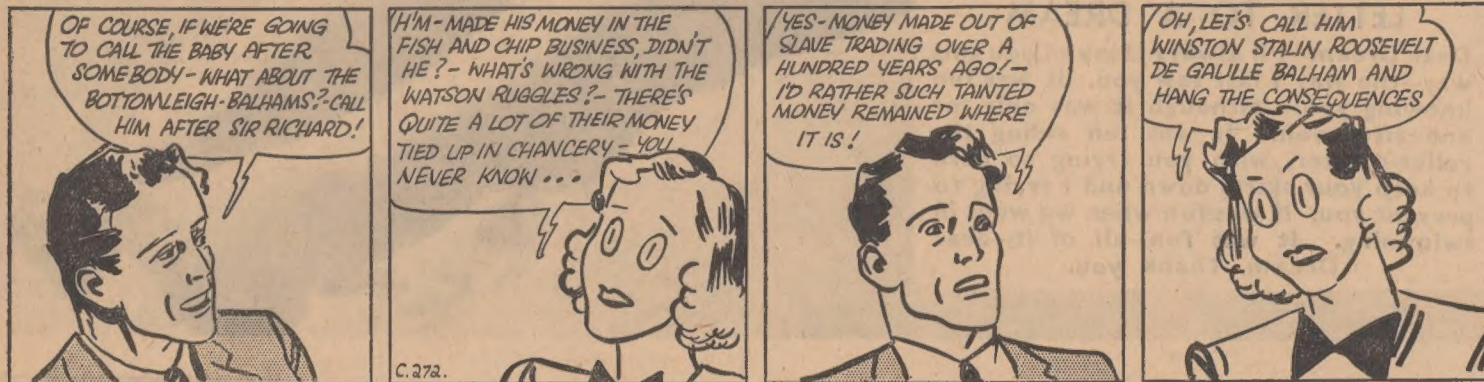
## BELINDA



## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



# ARGUE THIS OUT FOR YOURSELVES

## U.S. PORTRAIT OF US.

I WAS given in America a variety of reasons why we are not liked better: the English are high-hat and arrogant; Britain is going Red; Britain, on the other hand, is not a democracy, for she still has Royalty and the Old School Tie weights the scales in favour of fools when appointments are made. . . No man and no country is perfect. But when we are attacked, I think we should be wise to reply. Silence is no good—especially no good with the Americans. They like straight talk, provided it is sincere.

J. L. Hodson.

## THE PRESENT.

I DO not think human beings attend enough to pleasant passing moments in their private lives. As citizens, as workers, as responsible agents, we are, of course, forced to live in the future, and very worrying and agitating it can be. Perhaps the chief reason we are so fond of the company of animals and children is that this brings us a sense of **nowness**. They do not worry about what is going to happen tomorrow, next week, month, year—fifty years hence.

Desmond MacCarthy.

## HOUSING.

THE population tends to become "mobile," to use a word unpleasantly familiar to us; large business concerns, banks and multiple shops, move their employees about, and the fluctuations of trade require that labour should have a certain "fluidity." A population which is continually "on the move" cannot develop the attachments and loyalties which enrich the life of the family and the individual. One of the consequences of the conditions of modern life in a highly industrialised country is that more and more individuals become "rootless," without local attachments, and without normal family life. . . They develop the "mass mind."

Dean of St. Paul's.

## POST-WAR WORLD.

I AM very afraid of the post-war world. I am afraid of a world which may continue to deal with men in masses, to think of them as cogs in a great machine, as decimal points in interminable statistics, to handle them from birth to death (pushing aside the old-fashioned idea of home, though it really was the idea of the Almighty) as so many assets or liabilities of the State. . . Can our planning handle the massive problem of a nation without forgetting the odd one?

Rev. W. H. Elliott.

## MONEY.

NECESSARY for virtue and freedom, money is also an assistance to wisdom. Nevertheless, I think it is wrong for young men to bother too much about money. None of the ways in which you most enjoy yourself when you are really young cost much; making love does not cost much, nor does tramping over the hills and far away, nor does playing games. It is only when you get older that you want money. Old people want to be comfortable and want to be warm, and both cost money.

Professor C. E. M. Joad.

## PESSIMIST.

DO not deceive yourself: the world is not going to be a new world; you will have to put up with the old one with occasional spring cleanings in which a good deal of the dirt will be swept under the furniture instead of being removed.

George Bernard Shaw.



"I'll lay you 6 to 4 it'll be over by Christmas!"

## Alex Cracks

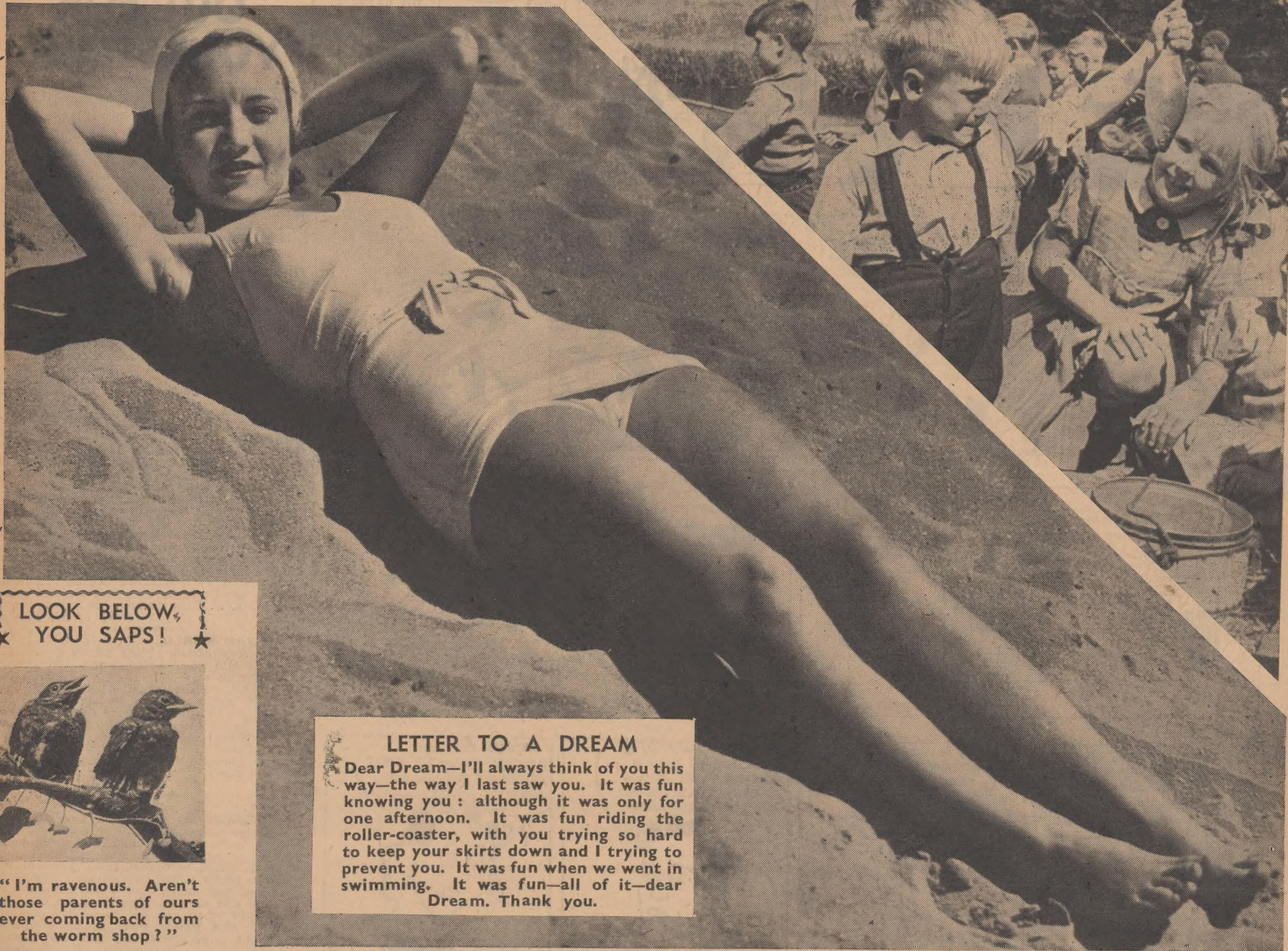
First Draper: "Why do you employ such stupid-looking assistants?"

Second Draper: "It makes the customers feel that they cannot help but get the best of the bargain."

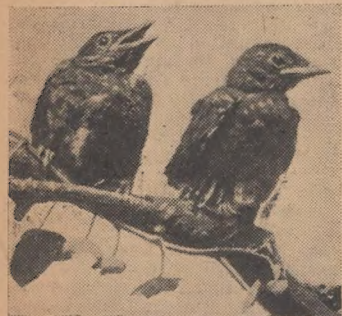


# Good Morning

"Listen to me, woman. Thar's the biggest dam' fish ever hooked in these parts. And I'm the best dam' fisherman, too. And don't you forget it!"



★ LOOK BELOW, YOU SAPS! ★



"I'm ravenous. Aren't those parents of ours ever coming back from the worm shop?"

## LETTER TO A DREAM

Dear Dream—I'll always think of you this way—the way I last saw you. It was fun knowing you: although it was only for one afternoon. It was fun riding the roller-coaster, with you trying so hard to keep your skirts down and I trying to prevent you. It was fun when we went in swimming. It was fun—all of it—dear Dream. Thank you.



"I'm feeling kind of peckish, too. And I'm thinking you'd make a nice appetiser before my dinner."



★ *This England*  
This quiet backwater of the quiet Sussex town of Horsham sleeps on in the shadow of a Norman church.

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Nobody's ever called me 'Dream-cat'."

